BEAVER ARGUS.

BEAVER, PENN'A.

Wednesday, July 2nd 1862.

T. C. NICHOLSON & Co., Proprietors.

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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

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[From the Atlantic Monthly for June.]

WHITTIER'S NEW POEM.

Astræ at the Capitol.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

When first I saw our banner wave
Above the nation's council-hall,
I heard beneath its marble wall
The clanking fetters of the slave!

In the foul market-place I stood,
And saw the Christian mother sold,
And childhood with its locks of gold,
Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, and held my breath,
And smouldering down the wrath and shame
That set my northern blood aflame,
Stood silent—where to speak was death.

Beside me loomed the prison cell
Where wasted one in slow decline
For uttering simple words of mine,
And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome
Flapped menace in the morning air;
I stood a pcrjured stranger, where
The human broker made his home.

For prime was Gown and Sword
At home the threefold sanction gave,
And to the quarry of the slave
Went hawking with our symbol bird.

On the oppressor's side was power;
And I knew that every wrong,
However old, however strong,
Must reckon God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,—
Somehow, sometime, the end would be;
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it! In the sun
A free flag floats from yonder dome,
And freedom's hearth and home
Is sacred as the ballot-box.

And as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
The message of deliverance comes,
Not heralded by roll of drums
Or waves of battle-troubled air!

Not sounds that madden and appall
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds knew
The harp of David melting through
And demon-agonies of Saul:

Not as we looked, but what are we?
Above our broken dreams and plans
God lays, with wiser hands than man's
The corner-stone of liberty.

Civil not with Him: the voice
That freedom's blessed gospel tells
Is sweet to me as silver bells.
Rejoicing!—yea, I will rejoice

Dear friends still toiling in the sun—
Ye dearer ones who, gone before,
Are watching from the eternal shore
The slow work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod
Blossoms with love: the furnace heat
Shows cool beneath His blessed feet
Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah's bitter springs
Are sweetened, on our ground of grief
Blossoms by day in strong relief
The palm-trees of heaven's healing things.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night
Are one with God, and on with them
Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

Army Correspondence.

CAMP AT FAIR OAKS, }
June 4th, 1862. }

Dear Father:—I seat myself this Sunday afternoon again, to write a few lines to you—not knowing whether I shall have another opportunity for some time again.

We are now on the eve of the most important battle that, perhaps, the world ever witnessed; and it is, no doubt, looked upon, with anxiety by almost the whole world. The result cannot for a moment be doubted. It is now only a question of time. The battle may come off in a few days, and may be a month yet. For my part, I think that McClellan will siege them, as more sure, and save lives—provided he is not forced into an engagement, which is not at all unlikely. It is only about two hours ago that heavy musketry firing was heard on the right; and in a moment every man was in his place ready for any emergency. But it soon ceased, and was taken up by the artillery, and quite an artillery fight was kept up for fifteen or twenty minutes, then all was calm, and now not a sound is to be heard, save the hum of human voices in camp.

Nothing new has occurred since I wrote to you day before yesterday.—We are still holding the same position; the other troops are going ahead of us on the railroad. Several new regiments from Fortress Monroe have also joined us. These men look like dandies along side of us. They have been staying in good quarters ever since they have been in the service, where they could keep their clothes in good order, and came up here by water, so that they have never had any hard times, while we have walked every inch of the road from Fortress Monroe, thro' rain and mud, many times knee deep; we have lain out in the rain at night without any shelter whatever, and under such circumstances it has been impossible for us to keep up as good an appearance as troops who have never went through half such hardships. When one of the new regiments came up, they halted in front of our camp. I went out to them, and asked what regiment it was, and where they were from. They told me; and after conversing a little while, one of them told me that they had seen some hard times; that they had slept one night without tents, and that they had been without soft bread for five days. We have had soft bread but twice since we left camp Johnson, and have slept without tents many nights; and when they said this the boys had quite a laugh over it. An officer of one of the new regiments went to an officer of an old one, and wanted to borrow a loaf of bread, saying that he would return it as soon as they could get some; that they had been living on hard bread for four or five days, and was most starved for something to eat. The officer told him that *he* had been living on crackers for three months, and expected to live some time on it yet. These troops are not new in the service, some of them having been in over a year. They are good-looking soldiers, and their appearance amongst us is hailed with joy. We are pretty well worn out, and the coming of fresh men is just what we want.

I have read all the late papers up to the 6th inst., and notice that our regiment and brigade is said very little about. At first it was stated that only three men were wounded in our regiment; and the whole brigade is scarcely mentioned—while other regiments and brigades, that were only engaged a short time, have been lauded to the very skies. For instance, *The Herald* gives the 10th Mass. great praise for service and good fighting, as if they had done great things; and after all, they had only about fifty in killed, wounded and missing; and as the killed are generally one to five wounded, I suppose they had only about ten killed. Several other regiments and brigades, that were engaged Sunday morning only for a short time, are given all the credit of the fight. This, I think, is injustice to some of the men who fought so long and well. Now, our brigade was engaged for three hours and a half, as hard as they could fight. At one time our regiment (the 63d) was almost entirely surrounded, yet they did not flinch, but maintained their position until they could change their position. The Colonel had his horse shot in two or three places, but escaped himself unhurt. Our General, Jameson, had his horse shot from under him, and was saved from being taken prisoner by the bravery of some of our men, when the enemy were close on to them. When the enemy were close upon them, they saw the danger of the General, (his horse having fallen on his leg and held him fast) and they stopped and took the horse off him. At night we fell back ready for the morning; but the timely arrival of fresh troops saved us from being engaged. The loss of our regiment in killed, wounded and missing was 140, about thirty were killed and eight or ten missing, the remainder were wounded, some of whom will not recover. I have not heard how many the other regiments in the brigade lost, but it will be as heavy as ours, and may be more in the 105th; yet we are scarcely mentioned in the papers, all the praise being given to those who were driven from their camps. * * * *

Capt. Hanna, I understand, has resigned on account of ill health. Co. C is now left with but one officer. I do not know who will succeed Capt. Hanna. Most of the boys want Lieut. Taylor; but it is uncertain whether they will get him or not. All the boys from Fallston are well, as far as I know.

Your son,

J. M. JOHNSON.

☞ "Oh, my friend," said a doctor to an Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die once." "And it's that vexes me," replied Pat; "if I could die a half dozen times I'd not care a cent about this time."

☞ Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

☞ Prentice says Lot's wife would be worth seventy-five cents a pound in the Southern Confederacy.

HEADQUARTERS 100TH REG. P. V., }
Beaufort, S. C., May 29, '62. }

Mr. & Mrs. SAMUEL STILES, Rochester—*My Dear Friends*, (For I must esteem you as my friends, though I have never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you): I have most sorrowful task to perform, and would fain avoid it, but your son, James, feels unable to attempt it, and by his wish I have the deep regret to inform you of the death of your son Samuel. He and James had both been ill with the measles, but had recovered finely and gone to light duty, when Samuel, very unfortunately, indulged in some improper food and acquired a dysentery which he neglected till it became so violent as to baffle every effort to save him. It may be some mitigation of your sorrow to know that in his sickness he had all the comforts that kindness could place around him. In the hospital the surgeon and the matron, Miss Chase, did all in their power to relieve him and make his condition comfortable. His Captain, Van Gouler, visited him by day and night, at all hours, and prayed with him, and talked to him of his soul's eternal interests; and he manifested a calm, christian spirit of fortitude, faith, hope and confidence in his Redeemer that went far to reconcile us, who loved him so well, to his early and, to us, seemingly untimely death.

He remained conscious till the last, and on the morning before he died he bade farewell to all his friends, and kissed the hands of the matron, and prayed that God would reward her for her kindness to him in his sore sickness. He died about a quarter before five o'clock yesterday evening, (the 28th inst.) conscious to the last moment, giving love and good wishes to all around him.

This army has a soldier less; the country another martyr; and Heaven a new saint. May my end be as peaceful as his, and may his hopes in death be mine.

I write this on the eve of battle. Four hundred of my men are in battle now, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Armstrong, and to-morrow night I move with my command on board the steamer Cosmopolitan to remain at the camp here till I return from the battle of Charleston. If I return I shall keep an eye to your other son. He is a member of Co. K. The Captain is a most kind, brave and christian man. My own son is a Lieutenant. * * * *

Capt. Hamilton furnished the funeral escort, and fired the soldiers' last salute over his grave.

Do not have any fears for James. I, myself, so far as the duties of my office permit, will have an eye to his welfare, and see that no snares beset him. He is in a model company, with gentle, loving officers, who, while they will allow no dereliction of duty, will ever see after the personal interests of their men.

Please accept my truly heartfelt condolence in your bereavement, and may our God reconcile you to His mysterious ways, with plenitude of His mercy.

DANIEL LEASURE,
Colonel 100th Regiment.

WHO ARE ABOLITIONISTS?—Judge S. M. Breckinridge made a powerful speech in the Missouri State Convention a day or two since, in which the following truthful passage occurs:

I think I may say, that without any opinion on this subject that would justify the charge, there is not to be found in the State of Missouri a single man of marked loyalty who has not already been denounced as an Abolitionist, when, in point of fact, he is as far removed from them as he is in tho't sympathy from those who profert the charge. This charge has been so often and flippantly made, that I have come to consider it as, perhaps, the most unfailing test of a man's loyalty that he had been denounced as an abolitionist. That man who has been so successful in tempering his loyalty throughout this struggle as to avoid incurring the hostility of the class engaged in treason, and their sympathizers, to such an extent as not to incur the application of that epithet, I will not say he is not loyal, but I will say his loyalty has, in all probabilty, not borne any very distinguished fruits.

☞ A cotemporary says: "If Jeff. Davis wants to get in a safe place, we advise him to climb a high tree and draw it up after him." We suggest an improvement upon this plan—that a connection be first made between Jeff. and the tree by means of a stout hemp rope.

☞ "If I should be drafted into the service, what would you do?" said a gentleman to his wife, lately. "Get a substitute for you, I suppose," whereupon the worst half changed the subject of conversation.

Comparisons of Parson Brownlow---His Estimates of Dough-Faceism.

At the reception of Parson Brownlow in Philadelphia, on Friday evening last, he delivered one of his characteristic speeches, which was worthy of the occasion, and worthy of the patriotic cause for which the Parson has made so great a sacrifice. In the course of the plain homespun truth delivered at his reception, Parson Brownlow spoke as follows:

You have better men in your Pennsylvania penitentiaries than the leaders of this rebellion, and I know there are better men in hell. We are in the midst of a fearful war, begotten without the shadow of excuse, into which we have been plunged by demagogues and scoundrels at the South.

You have a class here at the North who are agitators, and who, in their denunciations of slavery, have done more harm to the slaves than good.—Notwithstanding this, I have the frankness of a candid man to say that it is we of the South, and not you of the North, that are guilty of bringing this trouble upon us, and the devil will be cheated out of his just rights until he has the pleasure of roasting these leaders in hell. I am here to state the truth and cast censure where it belongs. In 1860 we entered into a Presidential contest, which was a sort of four-horse race. I supported the Bell and Everett ticket. We were unsuccessful, and the leader of that ticket has gone the way of his section, and under threats of violence, made speeches against his convictions. I can only ask you to "pity the sorrows of a poor old man." The other member of my ticket is "right side up with care," and a firm friend of the Union. I may call the ticket I supported a kangaroo ticket which had its strength in its hind leg. Others of you supported the Douglas and Johnson ticket, the leader of which was a gallant little man, who had he been alive, would long ago have been flourishing in battle as a brigadier. Others of you, again, adhered to the meanest ticket that ever was created. Many of you here voted for it, and you ought, to-night, to be heartily ashamed of doing so.

The last of these tickets was known as that of Lincoln and Hamlin. If the telegraph has not brought you the news, I have the exquisite pleasure to announce that ticket as successful. At this fair and constitutional election the South chose to secede from the Union, and Andrew Johnson, and others, we fought the Devil and Tom Walker in the persons of the rascally Secession leaders, and we'll follow them to the death, and, as they enter the gates of hell, we mean to stand there and make mouths at them.

In forty eight hours after the election I came out in my paper, the Knoxville *Whig*, which, though not white with its piety, was the only religious sheet in the Southern Confederacy. I asserted in that paper that Abraham Lincoln was legally elected as President, and that I supported him, and that if, at the end of four years we did not like him, we had only to pick our flints and try it again. But the unprincipled leaders of this Rebellion had intended, if successful with their Breckinridge and Lane ticket, to remain but four years longer in the Union and then secede.

During that period they proposed fortifying various parts of the South, concentrating nearly all the arms of the Union in that section, and after being thoroughly prepared, strive for a separation, should the succeeding election terminate unfavorably. The unprincipled scoundrels, the heaven-daring scavengers, fully intended this, backed by their apostate Breckinridge, now the greatest drunkard in the South. They did not mean compromise. They meant, at all events, ultimately to secede and set up for themselves. Pryor said: "We can get the Crittenden Compromise, but we don't intend to have it nor any other. We are bound to dissolve the Union. We are in for a fuss particularly, and a fuss generally." Yes. They have got the "fuss," and I hope we will not cease until we exterminate them. Fourteen Senators, representing the seven Cotton States, having taken a solemn oath to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, instead of regarding their sacred trust, held midnight caucuses, resolving to break up the Government, and sending home dispatches, telling the Legislatures to pass the act of Secession and run the States out of the Union immediately.

All the fourteen Senators representing the seven cotton States, I pronounce, individually and collectively perjured; they ought to have their necks tied to the gallows and their tongues cut out by the roots and fed to hungry dogs.

In describing the treatment of Union men in Knoxville jail, as witnessed by himself, Mr. Brownlow said:

One case he would never forget—that of the son of an old minister acquaintance of his, James Madison Cate, a most exemplary and worthy member of the Baptist church who was there for having committed no other crime than that of refusing to volunteer, and who lay stretched at length upon the floor, with one thickness of a piece of carpet under him, and an old overcoat doubled up for a pillow, in the very agonies of death, unable to turn over, only from one side to the other. His wife came to visit him, bringing her youngest child with her, which was but a babe, but they refused her admittance. I put my head out of the jail window, and entreated them, for God's sake, to let the poor woman come in, as her husband was dying. They at last consented that she might see him for the limited time of fifteen minutes. As she came in looked upon her husband's wan and emaciated face, and saw how rapidly he was sinking, she gave evident signs of fainting, and would have fallen to the floor, with the babe in her arms, had he not rushed up to her and cried, "Let me have the babe," and then she sunk down upon the breast of her dying husband, unable at first to speak a single word. He sat by and held the babe until the fifteen minutes had expired, when the officer came in and in an insulting and peremtory manner notified her that the interview must close. He hoped he might never see such a scene again; and yet such cases were common all over East Tennessee. Such actions as these show the spirit of secession in the South. It is the spirit of murder and assassination; it is the spirit of hell. *And yet you have men at the North who sympathize with these infernal murderers. If he owed the devil a debt to be discharged by the rendering unto him a dozen of the meanest, most revolting, and God forsaken wretches that could be called from the ranks of depraved human society, and he* wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, he could make a tender to his Satanic *Majesty of twelve Northern men who sympathized with this infernal rebellion.* Why, gentlemen, after the battle at Manassas and Bull Run, the officers and privates of the Confederate army passed through our town on their way to Dixie, exulting over the victory they had achieved, and some of them had what they called Yankee heads, or the entire heads of the federal soldiers of some them with long beards and goatees, by which they would take them up and say, "See! here is the head of a damned soldier captured at Bull Run." That is the spirit of secession at the south. It is the spirit of murder of the vile untutored savage; it is the spirit of hell; and he who apologizes for them is no better than those who perpetrate the deed. And yet, you have in your midst sympathizers with these rascals. You ought to drive them out of Philadelphia on a rail, and if we begin to do so tomorrow he will be murdered.

Woman and Rebellion.

The editor of the *Knickerbocker*, in the last number of that magazine, discourses as follows upon "Woman and Rebellion." The rebellion had a very damaging effect, we are sorry to say, upon the angelical virtues of the female sex. We continue to read acts the most heartless character perpetrated by the woman of the North. Nothing in the history of savage life equals the atrocities recorded against the female of Secesh. The men are bad enough but the women are worse. How queer it is that a female knows no half way measure; she is either an angel or a devil, and nothing else.—Men, on the contrary, have the happy faculty of graduating their vice. Men may swear and be otherwise good citizens; but a woman that swears stops short at nothing.

When they once forsake property they know nothing of compuctions of any kind. In fact they seem to glory in their shame, and set a value on their whole worthlessness. Bad as man is, a bad woman is infinitely worse. All the abolitionists are females. In all New York you will find no man who has the shamelessness to make known his profession, as the women in the business do. It is with human nature as with wines—that originally the sweets become the most acrid when they once commence turning. We often hear of mothers killing their children in cold blood. A father only does it when he is drunk or enraged. Nobody but woman would ever have thought of the cruelty of demanding the head of John the Baptist as a small reward for dancing a single turn of the cravovienne, as was the case with the daughter of Herodias. From these remarks our fair friends must not conclude that we are women haters. It is because we love them that we warn them of the dreadful consequence that their peculiar organization renders them liable if they happen even for a moment from the bright path that God intended they should walk in. This rebellion, we repeat, has cast a dark cloud over the heavenly virtues of woman. Down South it has made her a demon. What a queer institution this crinoline department is.

HOW HE LIKED THEM.—Dr. Francis was a wag, and once when early peas were on the table, he emptied the contents of his snuff-box over them.—"Francis! Francis!" exclaimed a friend, "what are you about?" "I like them that way," was the answer. He, of course, had the dish to himself. When he had concluded, he exclaimed: "You thought it was snuff, did you? Nothing but black pepper."

☞ "I see, sir, that you have your teeth full of gold." "Oh, yes, I married a rich wife, and she has been throwing her gold in my teeth."

SEEING VISIONS.

HARRIET HOSMER'S NARRATIVE OF A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

Lydia Maria Child's article on "Spirits," in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, contains the following interesting passage:

When Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, visited her native country a few years ago, I had a conversation with her, during which our conversation happened to turn upon dreams and visions.

"I have some experience in that way," said she. "Let me tell you a singular circumstance that happened to me in Rome. An Italian girl named Rosa was in my employ for a long time, but was finally obliged to return to her mother, on account of confirmed ill-health. We were mutually sorry to part, for we liked each other. When I took my customary exercise on horseback I frequently called to see her.—On one of these occasions I found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was something in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left her with the expectation of calling to see her again many times. During the remainder of the day I was busy in studio, and I do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to rest in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. But I woke from a sleep with an oppressive feeling that some one was in the room. I wondered at the sensation for it was entirely new to me; but in vain I tried to dispel it. I peered beyond the curtain of my bed, but could distinguish no object in the darkness. Trying to gather up my thoughts, I soon reflected that the door was locked, and that I had put the key under my bolster. I felt for it and found it where I had placed it. I said to myself that I had probably had some ugly dream, and had waked with a vague impression of it still on my mind. Reasoning thus, I arranged myself comfortably for another nap. I am habitually a good sleeper, and a stranger to fear; but do what I would, the idea still haunted me that some one was in the room. Finding it impossible to sleep, I longed for daylight to dawn, that I might rise and pursue my customary avocations. It was not long before I was dimly able to distinguish the furniture in my room, and soon after I heard, in the apartments below, familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock, with ringing vibrations, proclaimed the hour. I counted one, by a long curtain looped up at one side. As I raised my head from the pillow, Rosa looked inside the curtain, and smiled at me. The idea of anything super natual did not occur to me. I was simply surprised and exclaimed. "Why, Rosa! How came you here, when you are so ill?" In the old, familiar tones, to which I was so much accustomed, a voice replied, "I am well now." With no other thought than that of greeting her joyfully, I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there! I moved the curtain, thinking she might perhaps have playfully hidden herself behind its folds. The same feeling induced me to look into the closet. The sight of her had come so suddenly, that, in the first moment of surprise and bewilderment, I did not reflect that the door was locked. When I became convinced there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected that face, and thought I must have seen a vision.

"At the breakfast-table I said to the old lady with whom I boarded, "Rosa is dead." "What do you mean by that?" she inquired. "You told me she seemed better than common when you called to see her yesterday." I related the occurrences of the morning and told her I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had dreamed it all. I assured her I was thoroughly awake, and in proof thereof told her I had heard all the customary house-hold noises, and had counted the clock when it struck five. She replied, "All that is very possible, my dear. The clock struck in your dream. Real sounds often mix with the illusion of sleep. I am surprised that a dream should make such an impression on a young lady so free from superstition as you are." She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her persistence in believing it a dream, when I was perfectly sure of having been wide awake. To settle the question, I summoned a messenger and sent him to inquire when Rosa died.—He returned with the answer that she had died that morning at five o'clock."

I wrote the story as Miss Hosmer told it to me, and after I had shown it to her I asked if she had any objection to its being published, without suppression of names. She replied, "You have reported the story of Rosa correctly. Make what use you please of it. You cannot think it more interesting, or unaccountable than I do myself."

OLD MRS. JONES—"Biddy, I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning. Biddy returned and said Mrs. Jones was just 72 years, 4 months and 15 days.

"WHAT church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?" "Oh! any paradox church where the gospel is dispensed with."

A Cavalier Abuses the Puritans.

We copy the following article from a late number of the Richmond *Examiner*. It is interesting and amusing:

Enter the halls of legislation LOW—the House of representatives. A motley mob of soldiers and civilians, male and female, fill the galleries, and gaudily uniformed Yankee officials crowd the vestibule and lobbies of the politicians. The debate is on the expulsion of a member from the House.—Lovejoy pours out his vial of wrath, and a pungent remark brings down the House and galleries. The Speaker enjoys it, but raps the desk, upon which the hilarity increases, and boisterous sallies of coarse wit and baudied words between the representatives on the floor and their constituents in the galleries. "Hallo, Jim!" is as likely to be answered from the floor to gallery as at any town-meeting in New England; and the pea-nut eaters above think nothing of calling the attention of the Speaker below, by a pea-nut reminders alongside his head, with an "I say, Sam, won't you come out and take a drink?"

But now there is silence for once. Vallandigham rises to address the House. It is wonderful what respect a brave man can wring from his enemies, even while in their power. As Mr. Vallandigham's "Mr. Speaker!" rings through the House, the hum dies out in the galleries, and the members turn to their chairs, with a contemptuous jeer on their faces, to listen to his remarks.

Like a Roman gladiator, he stands studying the prelude to his remarks, looking around on his enemies, who, if they dared, would knife or pistol him at his seat. His words begin to come hot, heavy, scorching, in his denunciation of the illegal measures of the Administration. The Speaker grows uneasy; the members grin and wriggle in their seats, and the galleries burst out into a pandemonium of hisses, yells, and curses.

The Speaker raps his gavel, but the storm continues, the hissing darting down like the tongues of serpents upon the unshielded head of Mr. Vallandigham, who stands unmoved, toying with his watch-guard, waiting for the restoration of order, which comes by and by, and he proceeds, with intervals of interruption such as we have described. Frequently despatches from the Yankee generals are read in the House and Senate, announcing "Another Glorious Union Victory!" amid hand-shaking and congratulations on the floor, and cheers and cries from the galleries.

day at the Capitol during the session of Congress. But the most humiliating result of the condition of affairs there, is the use to which the Capitol has been turned into—an immense bake-house for the manufacture of bread for the soldiers. The basement of the Baptist Church, including the school and lecture room, has been converted into a stable for horses, and a proposition is now entertained of taking Trinity Church for a soldier's hospital, in retaliation for the supposed disloyalty of its pastor, people, and vestry, in the pastor refusing to read the prayer of thanksgiving for the success of the Yankee Government.

ANOTHER CHRISTIAN GENERAL.—General Mitchell, at the conclusion of a sermon preached to the 9th Ohio Brigade near Shelbyville, Tennessee, took a huge rock pulpit and occupied half an hour in delivering a religious discourse of surpassing eloquence. He commenced by saying "that he did not come there as the General Commanding, but as man to men, and aiming for the same state of eternal happiness." He insisted that the highest duty of a soldier was to be a Christian; religion heightened every enjoyment, and better prepared him to discharge his duty. A chaplain who was present says: "It was a sublime scene; he left an impression on the minds of his audience never to be forgotten."—The effect of the sermon was heightened by the fact that the services were held on the mountain top amid the rugged grandeur of East Tennessee.

COMPARATIVE LENGTH.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm, 18½, and the shortest 5½. At Hamburg, 19; shortest, 7. At St. Petersburg, 19; shortest, 5. At Finland, 21½; shortest, 2½. In Norway the day lasts from May 21st to July 22, without any interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half!

☞ "Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church." "But," said the clergyman, "I thought you was strongly opposed to having an organ in a church." "So I am," said Friend Obadiah; "but, then, if thee will worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first rate instrument."

☞ A sailor dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the first Lieutenant.

"Wretch, were did you come from?" said the officer, as he gathered himself up.

"I came from the North of Ireland, your honor."

MARCH ON!

Heavy and thick the atmosphere,
The prospect narrow, dark, severe—
Yet a few steps the path is clear—
For those few steps, march on!

Dark rocks that frown as if in wrath,
Like giants ranged across the path—
Be sure the gorge some outlet hath,
So trustfully march on!

A deep, wide stream that shines like glass,
Flanked by steep banks of slippery grass—
There is some bridge by which to pass,
So watchfully march on!

A tempest rattling in the wind,
The sun in thunder-robes enshrined—
Doubt not some shelter soon to find,
Still hopefully, march on!

The day goes out—the fog uprowds;
Darkness the face of heaven enshrouds—
A voice shall guide thee through the clouds,
So patiently march on!

If Duty set you on the way,
You need not fear—you must not stay;
Still faithfully her word obey,
Still loyally march on!

Let But your aims be high and true,
Your spirit firm, but patient too;
A Titan's strength shall go with you,
Still fearlessly march on!

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press

Letter from "Occasional."

WASHINGTON, June 22 1862.

I have before me the proceedings of two conventions—one a county convention, held in the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, by the immediate friends of James Buchanan, ex-President of the United States, calling itself Democratic, and the other a State convention, held at the city of Indiapolis, Indiana, calling itself a Union convention. Both these conventions held on Wednesday, the 18th of June, and yet the difference between the two is so great that the casual reader might well suppose that they had been held on two different continents, and spoke the sentiments of two different peoples. James Buchanan's convention was composed, in great part, of men who voted for John C. Breckinridge in 1860, and their entire action shows that they do not regret or recall the support thus given to a secret Disunionist then, and to an armed rebel now. Acting, undoubtedly, under his advice, the whole burden of their conplaint was against the Administration of Mr. Lincoln and against the doctrines of the Republican party. They lay particular emphasis upon the alleged corruptions of the present Administration, forgetting the monstrous frauds under the Administration of Buchanan, which prepared the way for civil war. The Democrats of Indiana, on the other hand, who took part in the Union State Convention of the 18th of June, were animated by a different spirit, and organized for a different purpose. The Union Republicans and Democrats of Pennsylvania, who are to meet at Harrisburg on the 17th of July, should pause and ponder upon the action of their compatriots in the Hoosier State. They should at the same time avoid, as a pestilence, the example of the Breckinridgers of Lancaster county, under the lead of James Buchanan. The one marshals them to victory and honor, the other to disgrace and defeat. The Indiana Union State Convention in which some of the oldest Democrats took the lead, first nominated a State ticket and placed upon it two of the most prominent Democrats, and then adopted the following resolutions by acclamation.

PLATFORM

Whereas, The National Government is engaged in a war waged against it by its enemies, for the avowed purpose of its destruction and the subversion of our republican form of Government, therefore,

Resolved, That the present civil war was forced upon the country by the Disunionists in the Southern States, who are now in rebellion against the Constitutional Government; that in the present national emergency, we, the people of Indiana, in Convention assembled, forgetting all former political differences, and recollecting only our duty to the whole country, do pledge ourselves to aid, with men and money, the vigorous prosecution of the present war, which is not being waged, upon the part of our Government, for the purpose of conquest, subjugation, or the overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of any of the States, but to suppress and put down a wicked and causeless rebellion, defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union as established by our patriot fathers, with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired, and when these objects are fully accomplished, and not before, we believe the war ought to cease; and that we invite all who coincide in these sentiments to unite with us in support of the ticket this day nominated.

Resolved, That we demand and expect of our Executive and legislative bodies, both State and National, an economical administration of governmental affairs, and the punishment of fraud against the Government, as well as a fearless discharge of their duties.

Resolved, That as long as patriotism, courage and the love of constitutional liberty shall be honored, and revered among the people of the United States, the heroic conduct of the soldiers of the Union, who have offered their lives for the salvation of their country, will be remembered with the most profound feeling of veneration and gratitude, and that we now tender to them the warmest thanks and lasting gratitude of every member of this Constitution.

Resolved, That we tender to the 60,000 volunteers from Indiana our heartfelt congratulations, and hail with pride the fact that upon every battle-field where Indianians have been found, they have displayed the bravery of patriots in defence of a glorious cause, and we pledge them that, while they are subduing armed traitors in the field, we will condemn, at the ballot-box, all those in our midst who are not unconditionally for the Union."

And this convention was not composed of the leaders alone, but of the people, the Democratic and the Republican masses, and, when it adjourned under the inspiring motto of Stephen A. Douglas, that, in this contest, there could be but two parties, patriots and traitors, the friends and the enemies of free government.

Now, while it may be unfair to contrast a mere county convention with a State convention, yet, when we consider that James Buchanan is emphatically the head of the Democratic party of the free States, we may well accept expression of his own political friends as the expression of that party. He tells us, and they tell us, that they are loyal to the country. It would be a cheap thing for them to prove their profession if they cared to do so; but so earnest and sincere are the leader and the followers that in the direct agonies of the republic they cannot refrain giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the republic; and, accordingly, in their convention of the 18th of June, they adopted the following resolves, which may be profitably contrasted with the declarations of the patriots of Indiana:

"Resolved, That no higher evidence is wanted by the people, of the systematic efforts of the Abolitionists to destroy the Constitution and the Union than the declaration made by the radical Republican leaders in Congress previous to the rebellion, *"let blood flow,"* and *"the Union slide,"* and their present professed loyalty is only assumed, the better to enable them to overturn the Constitution and the Union, which they asserted *"is a league with death and covenant with hell."*

"Resolved, That we heartily approve the Crittenden resolution, passed by Congress at the extra session in July last, declaring the present war to be waged only for the purpose of sustaining the Constitution and the Union; and that the efforts of the Abolitionists and Republicans in and out of Congress, to change the end and purpose of the war, into a crusade for the abolition of slavery, is a gross fraud upon those brave men who sprang to arms for the patriotic purpose of defending the Constitution and our institutions as they have existed since the foundation of the Government, and not to subvert and overthrow them.

"Resolved, That the folly, fanaticism or crime, whichever it may be called, that seeks to turn the slaves of the Southern States loose, to overrun the North, and to enter into competition with these white laboring men and women, thus reducing the wages of labor and degrading the white race, by placing them by the side of the negro, their various occupations, meets with our unqualified condemnation."

It is true that Mr. Buchanan's convention adopted resolutiosn denouncing Secession as treason, avowing their purpose to sustain the Administration in all constitutional acts to put it down, but that which is above quoted proves conclusively that their object was to hurt and yet to help the good cause. The ex-President himself gave the key note to the incarnate traitors, who subsequently struck at the heart of the Republic, and encouraged the Secession sympathizers near his own home, *by arguing in his very last message, against the right of a State to secede, and by following this with another argument, that the Government had no power to compel such State to return.* And he proved the sincerity of this infamous doctrine by retaining in his Cabinet men who remained there only for the purpose of using the Government to its own destruction, and of fettering the hands of a succeeding Administration. His immediate partisans, catching inspiration from this example, pretend opposition to the traitors in the field, while they repeat the low calumnies and miserable falsehoods of the man who was their candidate in 1860, and who is now a brigadier general in the rebel army.

I leave this contrast to the loyal people of Pennsylvania, and with this mail send forward to you the proceedings of the loyal people of Indiana, directing your especial attention to the great speech of the Hon. Henry Seacrist, of that State, and to the powerful letter of the Douglas Democratic Senator in Congress, Hon. Joseph A. Wright, the successor of Jesse B. Bright, appointed to that position by the Republican Governor Morton.

OCCASIONAL.

GEN. PETTIGREW.—This rebel wounded Brigadier is a small, lean, cadverous, and long-haired South Carolinian.—He is severely, but not dangerously, wounded in the upper part of the chest, the ball passing in near the breastbone and passing out at the shoulder. He is now at the house of Dr. Gaines. He talks freely; says the "South never can be subjugated," but adds, *"if it is so,"* then I shall go to Europe to end my days, for I will never live in a disgraced country."—"If it is!" and your mind already made up as to what you will do in case it is! we hope more of the same class will do likewise.

Dr. Gaines, of whom I have spoken before, has been gobbled up by the Provost Marshal, and sent to Fortress Monroe. Two reasons are assigned for it. First, he made signals to the enemy; second, he threatened to dig up the bodies of all Union troops buried on his farm, and throw them into the Chickahominy. His live body has been taken, and very properly thrown into a dragoon. His clover fields and peach crop will be food for our Union army, instead of any part of said army being food for fishes.—*Correspondence N. Y. World.*

☞ "How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot, one hot sultry day, "that a man never *meets* a team going the same way he is"

THE SOLDIER'S TRUE FRIEND!

ALWAYS READY.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

LONG marches, sore and stiff joints, blistered and inflamed feet, all these the soldier must endure, MOTHERS, REMEMBER THIS, when your sons are grasping their muskets to meet danger, think what relief a pot of this ALL HEALING & COOLING Salves will give to the one you love when far away from home and friends. It hardens and makes tough the feet so that they can endure great fatigue. It soothes and relieves the inflamed and stiffened joints, leaving them supple, strong and vigorous, while for

SABRE CUTS AND GUNSHOT WOUNDS

It stands unequalled, removing and preventing every vestige of inflammation and gently drawing the edges together, it quickly and completely heals the most frightly wounds.

WIVES AND SISTERS OF OUR VOLUNTEERS

You cannot put into the Knapsacks of your Husbands and Brothers, a more valuable or more necessary gift than a supply of this

EXTRAORDINARY MILITARY SALVE.

The lonely sentry walking his rounds at night, exposed to drenching rains and chill night air, is often seized the most VIOLENT PAINS, COUGHS and SUFFOCATING HOARSNESS, first symptoms of QUICK CONSUMPTION, but if supplied with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, all danger is averted, a few Pills taken night and morning, and the ointment briskly rubbed twice a day over the throat and chest will remove the SEVEREST PAINS and stop the most distressing or DANGEROUS COUGH. Therefore we say to the whole army,

SOLDIERS ATTENTION!!

See to your own health, do not trust to the Army supplies although most valuable. These PILLS and OINTMENT have been thoroughly tested, they are the only remedies used in the European Camps and Barracks, for over forty years Doctor Holloway has supplied all the armies in Europe, and during the CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN he established a depot at Balaclava, for the exclusive sale of these GREAT REMEDIES, many a time his special Agent there has sold over a ton in weight of the Ointment in a single day. These terrible and fatal enemies of the Soldier in Camp, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, SCURVY, SORES and SCROFULOUS ERUPTIONS, all disappear like a charm before these PILLS AND OINTMENT, and now while the Cry rings throughout the land,

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!!

Do not let these brave men perish by disease, place in their hands these PRECIOUS REMEDIES, that will enable them to resist the dangerous exposures, the Fevers, the Chills, and the wounds which they cannot avoid, and what is more, cannot frequently get succor in the moment of need, whereas if our brave men have only to put their hands into their Knapsacks and find there a sure remedy for all the casualties of the battle field. How many thousands of lives would thus be saved who would otherwise perish before relief could be obtained.

CAUTION.—None are genuine unless the words *"Holloway, New York and London,"* are discernable as a water-mark in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by *holding the leaf to the light.* A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

***Sold at the Manufactory of Professor HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines, throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents and $1 each.

☞ There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

May 7.

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EDITION OF THE MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN.

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New French Waist, an Elegant Sleeve, and a Misses Sack, and a Sheet of New and Beautiful

BRAID AND EMBROIDERING PATTERNS.

Together with nearly 100 Engravings of all the novelties for

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It contains all the CURRENT NEWS OF THE DAY reliable, Monetary, Market and Commercial reports and a choice selection of Tales, Poetry, Literary and Scientific Articles, Valuable Statistical Information, Agricultural News, &c.;

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ESTABLISHED 1838. N. Y. ESTABLISHED 1838

THIS Establishment has been in successful operation for 24 years, and is the largest of the kind in the United States. We have on hand or manufacture to order every description of Looking-glass, Picture and Portrait Frames, Plain and Ornamental Pier, Wall, Oval & Mantel Glasses, Connecting Cornices, Base and Bracket Tables, with Marble Slabs, Toilet Glasses, &c., &c., &c. Mouldings for Picture Frames, in lengths suitable for transportation, either Gilt, Bronze, Rosewood, Oak, Zebra, Birdseye, Mahogany, &c. Our new manufactory and extensive facilities enable us to furnish any article in our line as good as the best, and as cheap as the cheapest.

Dealers are invited to call upon us

When they visit New York. We claim to be able to supply to supply them with every article in our line which they can possibly purchase elsewhere.

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May 7—3 mos.

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Spring and Summer Dry Goods,

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BEAVER SEMINARY AND INSTITUTE.

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All expenses except Tuition and Washing, per term of fourteen weeks..... $8 00
Tuition from $3 50 to $8 00 including languages.

No efforts spared to make the school worthy of the confidence of its patrons.

☞ Send for a Catalogue.

AMBROTYPES!!

GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL, LIFE-LIKE PICTURES can now be had at the

COURT-HOUSE, IN BEAVER.

These pictures are not mere duabs, but warranted SUPERIOR to any that have ever been made in Beaver county, by any other artist. To be convinced, call and examine specimens. I will remain but a few weeks.

☞ Gallery in the same room occupied by me in 1857.

C. A. GRIF IN,
Aor Photographic Artist

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of JACOB NOSS, late of Brighton township, Beaver co., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them to the subscriber properly authenticated for settlement.

HENRY NOSS, Ind
Jes Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of HUGH HALL, late of Raccoon tp, Beaver co, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them to the subscribers properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN B. HALL,
ROB'T. STERLING,
june4 Executors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERS of administration upon the estate of WM. SEAWRIGHT, late of Greene township, Beaver county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

WM. HOOD,
May 21, 1862. Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

WHEREAS letters of administration on the estate of COOL YOLTON, late of Hanover township, Beaver county, deceased, having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay.

A. R. MILLER,
j24. Administrator.

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(SUGAR COATED,)

ARE MADE TO

CLEANSE THE BLOOD AND CURE THE SICK.

Invalids, Fathers, Mothers, Physicians, Philanthropists, read their Effects, and judge of their Virtues.

FOR THE CURE OF

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach,

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DR. J. C. AYER: Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst headache any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once. If they will cure others as they do me, the fact is worth knowing.

Yours with great respect,
ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, D. C., 7 Feb., 1856.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the *liver* is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of bilious disease so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them.

Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Relax, and Worms.

POST OFFICE, HARTLAND, LIV. CO., MICH., Nov. 24, 1855.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the perfection of medicine. They have done my wife more good than I can tell you. She had been sick and pining away for months. Went off to be doctored at great expense, but got no better. She then commenced taking your Pills, which soon cured her, by expelling large quantities of worms (dead) from her body. They afterwards cured her and our two children of bloody dysentery. One of our neighbors had it bad, and my wife cured him with two doses of your Pills, while others around us paid from five to twenty dollars doctors' bills, and lost much time, without being cured entirely even then. Such a medicine as yours, which is actually good and honest, will be prized here.

GEO. J. GRIFFIN, *Postmaster.*

Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, WYOMING CO., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and purify the fountains of the blood.

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Erysipelas, Scrofula, King's Evil, Tetter, Tumors, and Salt Rheum.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother had been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her. ASA MORGRIDGE.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawles, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PULASKI HOUSE, SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until, by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SEVERN CRAWFORD, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec., 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured by your Pills of Rheumatic Gout—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

For Dropsy, Plethora, or kindred Complaints, requiring an active purge, they are an excellent remedy.

For Costiveness or Constipation, and as a Dinner Pill, they are agreeable and effectual.

Fits, Suppression, Paralysis, Inflammation, and even **Deafness,** and **Partial Blindness,** have been cured by the alterative action of these Pills.

Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every town, and almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it already known. Nay, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its effects, and forever its community—any whose which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the subtle and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for infants and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the *Cherry Pectoral* saves more lives by the consumptions it prevents than those it cures. Keep it, by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, nor neglect them until no human skill can master the incurable canker that, fastened on the vitals, eats your life away. All know the dreadful fatality of lung disorders, and as they know the virtues of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure.

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Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

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The system of Instruction is peculiar: no classes or set lessons are made use of, but each student is taught individually, so that he may commence at any time, and attend at whatever hours are most convenient.

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In extensive accommodations, wide-spread reputation, and the lengthy experience of the Principal, this Institution offers facilities superior to any other in the country, for young men wishing to prepare for business, and to obtain at the same time A DIPLOMA, which will prove a recommendation for them to any Mercantile House.

☞ CRITTENDEN'S Series of Treatises on Book-Keeping, now more widely circulated than any other work on the subject, are for sale at the College.

S. HODGES CRITTENDEN,
Attorney-at-Law,
May 7. PRINCIPAL.

Notice.

The accounts and subscriptions to THE ARGUS for 1860 and 1861, which have not been settled up, as well as the accounts of M. Weyand, M. & J. Weyand, and Weyand and Henry, are in my hands for settlement. All who are indebted to either of these for subscription, advertisement or job work, will please call on me at the TREASURER'S OFFICE. Many of these accounts are of long standing and should be settled.

SAMUEL DAVENPORT.

JOHN B. WILLIAMS,

BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,

(Shop one door east of Proudley's Hotel.)

BRIDGEWATER, PENN'A.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS.

(THE ORIGINAL, ONLY TRUE AND GENUINE)

For 25 Years a Staple Remedy for

LIVER COMPLAINT

AND ALL BILIOUS DISEASES.

The ordinary evidences of Disease of the Liver are **Pain and tenderness in the region of the Liver, sometimes dull and aching, increased by pressure, pain and Uneasiness in Breathing, Pain in the right Shoulder,** uneasiness when lying upon the left side, **increased size of the Liver, Short and Dry Cough, disordered stomach, Nausea, Yellowish Tinge on the eyes and skin, Headache,** yellowish fur on the tongue, **Bitterish taste in the mouth, heavy, dull sensation in the Brain, Depression of Spirits,** amounting almost to **Insanity,** slight **Fever** toward evening, **Loss of Appetite, Melancholy,** with mordseness and **Hypochondria, Neuralgia,** dullness, a general **feeling of Uneasiness, Languor,** drowsiness, the patient conscious of something wrong in himself, and disposed to see nothing right in things about him, yet wholly unable to explain the cause of his sensations—with many others easily detected by resemblances to some one or other of the above. The Liver Pill will almost certainly arrest the disease if taken upon the appearance of the above symptoms, which if allowed to take its course, becomes chronic in its nature and almost incurable, producing great and constantly increasing suffering.

The use of this medicine will neither create a new disease nor complicate an existing one, but, in most cases, will prepare the system for the more vigorous remedies of the physician, should it be necessary to call in his aid.

AS A FAMILY MEDICINE

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

ARE INVALUABLE.

Price 25 Cents.

SELLERS' VERMIFUGE.

WORMS!

Every year Thousands of Children die from this horrible evil. This alarming mortality loudly calls for increased watchfulness and for greater care in the selection of the remedy. The sweeping opposition of many physicians to all worm medicines is, in a measure, justified by the injurious qualities of some of the vermifuges, and the positive inefficiency of most of the so-called "Worm Confections," "Worm Candies," "Worm Teas," &c. *Even if some of the latter are as harmless as they are inefficient,* THE DELAY resulting from their use, *No thoughtful,* sensible mother will thus trifle with the life of her child.

LET PHYSICIANS SPEAK.

SELLERS' VERMIFUGE THE BEST IN USE!

HERE IS THE PROOF.

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MR. R. E. SELLERS:—Your Vermifuge possesses more virtue than any I ever used. I will state a case where I gave one vial. My brother's child was *raining and wasting to a mere skeleton.* In 36 hours after I gave the Vermifuge, the enormous quantity of *upward of six hundred worms* were passed. The child, that was given up for lost, is now as well as any in the neighborhood.

AMBROSE ARNETT, M. D.

Gallipolis, Ohio, April 12th 18.

As I am required to give it reputation in my family, is a clear trial.

R. H. WILSON, M. D.

Point Pleasant, Va. Oct. 4, 1847.

MR. R. E. SELLERS:—Having used it in my practice for the last four or five years, I think it decidedly the best preparation of the kind. I have heretofore used the preparation of the several other manufacturers. Yours, respectfully.

D. COUCH, M. D.

We might enumerate hundreds of other cases, were it necessary, but Sellers' Vermifuge has stood the searching test of the medical faculty and public for *more than a quarter* of a century, which, of itself, is conclusive of *its entire safety, as well as the certainty* of its effect.

Notice.—Extraordinary inducements are offered to dealers to recommend and sell other Vermifuges. Do not let unprincipled men palm off any of these on you. The best at *any price is the cheapest,* therefore ask for Sellers' Vermifuge, and take no other.

Price 25 Cents.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

R. E. SELLERS & CO.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.

From A. Cushing, Druggist, S. Bend, Ind.

D. S. OWEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir*—In reply to your favor of the 13th instant, I would say that the sale of Sellers' Medicines has far exceed my expectations; and in no case have they failed to produce the desired effect. The Cough Syrup is a cure for coughs, colds, &c., and the cheapness of the article places it within the reach of *all,* which, together with its efficacious qualities, renders it a universal favorite. Not a day passes without numerous calls for "*the* one thing needful," at this *season* of the year, viz. Sellers' Cough Syrup.

A. G. CUSHING.

Price 25 Cents.

Sellers' VERMIFUGE.

From the Rev. S. Wakefield, former Pastor of the Liberty Street M. E. Church.

MR. R. E. SELLERS:—It is from a sense of duty, as well as with great pleasure, that I bear testimony to the virtue of your justly celebrated Vermifuge. I procured a single bottle, and gave it to three of my children, who had been ill for several weeks. The eldest was seven years old, the next four, and the youngest eighteen months. The first passed forty-six worms, the second forty-seven, and the third a considerable number, not distinctly recollected. Since then they have been doing well, and are now in good health. S. WAKEFIELD.

Price 25 Cents.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

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The Bugle Called—The War has Begun! A War of Extermination against Bad Teeth, Bad Breath, Diseased Gums Toothache, Earache, and Neuralgia.

OUR ARTILLERY IS

DR. WM. B. HURD'S DENTAL TREASURY,

A COMPLETE SET OF REMEDIES FOR

PRESERVING THE TEETH

Purifying the Breath and Mouth

AND

Curing Toothache and Neuralgia.

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Dr. Hurd's MANUAL on the Best Means of Preserving the Teeth, including Directions for the Proper Treatment of Children's Teeth.
FLOSS SILK for Cleaning between the Teeth.
TOOTH PICKS, etc., etc.

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Price, ONE DOLLAR; or SIX $.

☞ The *Dental Treasury* makes a package eight inches by five, and is sent by express.

☞ *Full directions for use is on each article.*

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The *Treatise on Preserving the Teeth,* sent post-paid, on receipt of TWELVE cents, or four stamps.

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The *Neuralgia and Rheumatic Plaster* (of same size), for Pains in the Chest, Shoulders, Back, or any part of the body, sent post paid, on receipt of *Thirty-seven cents.*

Address,

WM. B. HURD, CO.,
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Dr. Hurd's MOUTH WASH, TOOTH POWDER and *TOOTHACHE DROPS* cannot be sent by mail, but they can probably be obtained at your Drug or Periodical Stores. If they cannot, send to us for the DENTAL TREASURY, Price, ONE DOLLAR, which contains them.

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The best evidences that they are so, is, that their firmest friends and best patrons are those who have used them longest. *Dr. Wm. B. Hurd* is an eminent Dentist of Brooklyn, Trustee of the New York State Dentists' Association, and these preparations have been used in his private practice for years, and in leading cities of Brooklyn or Williamsburg obtain their excellence, while eminent Dentists of New York recommend them as the best offered to the profession. Without the aid of advertising, dealers have sold them by the gross.

The Editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Times* says: "We are happy to know that our friend Dr. Hurd, is succeeding beyond all expectations with his MOUTH WASH and TOOTH POWDER. The great secret of his success rests with the fact *that his articles are precisely what they are represented to be, as we can testify from their long use.*

The well known P. T. Barnum writes: "I found your TOOTH POWDER so good that my family have used it all up. *We find it the best powder for the teeth we have ever used.* I shall feel obliged if you will send me another supply at the Museum at your convenience, with bill."

But their cost is so small that every one may test the matter for himself.

☞ Beware of the ordinary Tooth Powders. Dr. Hurd's Tooth Powder contains no acids, nor alkali, nor charcoal, and polishes without wearing the enamel. Use no other.

WHAT WILL DR. HURD'S REMEDIES EFFECT?

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder will give young ladies, that finest charm in woman—a sweet breath and pearly teeth. Try them, ladies.

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder will cleanse the mouth, though foul ever it is, and if used in the mornings will make the breakfast taste sweeter, and the day begin more pleasantly. Hundreds of persons can testify to this. Try them, gentlemen.

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder are the the best preparations in the world for curing *bad breath* and, giving firmness and health to the gums. Hundreds of cases of *Diseased Bleeding Gums, Sore Mouth,* etc., etc., have been cured by Dr. Hurd's astringent wash.

Dr. Hurd's Mouth Wash and Tooth Powder give an additional charm to courtship, and make husbands more agreeable to their wives and wives to their husbands. They should be used by every person having

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

which are liable to impart a taint to the mouth.

Dr. Hurd's Toothache Drops cure Toothache arising from exposed nerves, and are the best friends that parents can have in the house to save their children from torture and themselves from loss of sleep and sympathetic suffering.

Farmers and mechanics! you cannot well afford to neglect your teeth. For a trifling sum you can now get preservatives, than which Rothschild or Astor can get nothing better. Remember that *Dyspepsia and Consumption of the Lungs* often originate in neglect of Teeth. Send for the *Treatise on Teeth,* and read Dr. Fitch's observations on this subject. It is not too late to arrest decay in your own teeth, save your children's teeth.

NEURALGIA PLASTERS.—Dr. Hurd's Neuralgia Non-Adhesive Plasters are the most pleasant and successful remedies ever presented for this painful disease. The patient applies one, soon becomes drowsy, falls asleep and awakes free from pain, and no blister or other unpleasant or injurious consequences ensue. *For Earache* and *Nervous Headache* the application will surely follow. Nothing can be obtained equal to Dr. Hurd's Compress for Neuralgia. Try them. They are entirely a novel, curious and original preparation, and wonderfully successful. They are of two sizes, one small, for the face, price 15 cents, and the other large for application to the body, price 37 cents. Will *be mailed on receipt of price and one stamp.